

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE.

My letter to John seemed rather constrained, but for the life of me I could not write it differently.

I trusted myself with my sewing. I had not as yet received the most of the morning, only going down stairs to bid Alice good-bye and to walk with her as far as the station, a few blocks away, when we found Ruth and Bobby. Ruth looked as though she was burying Bobby instead of sending him to his father for a little visit. Ruth has a great respect for her word, otherwise I do not think she would have let him go. Some women are bigger on impulse than they are after trying to reason.

As the train started she turned abruptly. I knew she did not even want me with her when she returned to her home and realized that little Bobby had left.

I wandered through the village. It was the first time since my marriage that I had been there in the spring. The little town is rarely beautiful, nestled down beside the lake, its cool, tree-lined streets were just welcoming the budding springtime. The lawns I passed were sprinkled with the dandelions' gold, and here and there added more yellow splendor to the joyous morning.

Someone has said, "The world can never be a howling wilderness as long as there are sunny summer afternoons." I would paraphrase that sentence a little and say, "The world will always be a hint of heaven on a sunny spring morning."

Nature is truly a wonderful thing to most of us. Sunshine and flowers and the melody of children's voices and laughter pull up all our wearying spirits and takes away all morbid and introspective thought.

A Faithful Chronicle.
If this were an imaginative story I was writing and I was the heroine, I would leave out many of the quick changes in mood, the variability of disposition and inconsistencies of Katherine, but being the truthful chronicler of my everyday-self, I have just to put down the sum of human actions and human understandings as they come to me. I know that whatever the novelists may write, that no one is very unhappy all the time. Indeed, one chafes from time to time, but from sorrow to joy, from tears to smiles, very quickly and often seemingly without cause. This morning, when writing my letter to John, I was not particularly happy. Nothing had changed since then, but now that I am walking through this sunny street with the fragrance in the air and the melody of children's voices and laughter, I am really and truly happy.

Once more it came to me that I had many blessings to count. I was young, healthy, had the temptation to enjoy the little things of life.

This is a very wonderful world, after all, and it struck me all at once

that the most wonderful part of it was that shortly I would probably be trundling my son down these shady streets.

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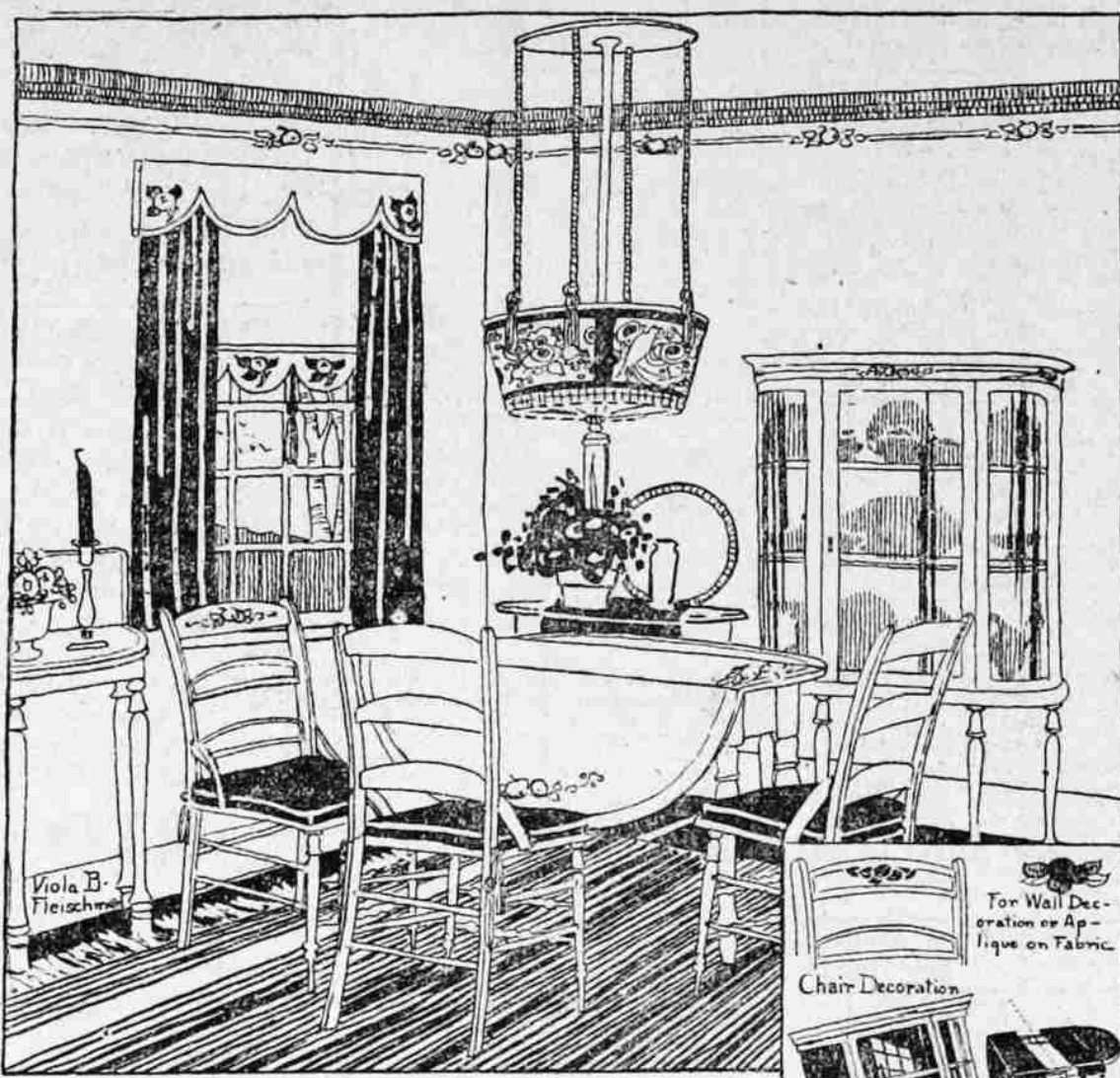
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When the Bride Plans Her Home

Enamel and Stencils Transform Ordinary Furniture Into Dining Room Suite of Refreshing Tones



Console Tables Made From Old Extension Table and Unique Lighting Fixture Are Notes of Dining Room.

BY VIOLA FLEISCHMAN, Interior Decorator.
CLEVELAND.—A dining room needs light and cheerfulness, but it does not require of necessity highly expensive furnishings. In the dining room illustrated every article of furniture is an example of the way old pieces relegated to disuse may be transformed. The table is the kitchen variety with stanch legs and a drop lid on each of two sides. The chairs are the simplest style to be found. The glass cabinet shown was made from an old china cabinet. It was sawed off, as shown in the smaller illustration, and supplied with a substantial base and set of turned legs. A pair of console tables, which can be used as serving tables, were made from an old discarded walnut extension table by sawing it apart and supplying a wide board at the back.

Cream Colored Enamel.
This set of furniture was thoroughly scrubbed with lye water to remove grease and loose paint, lightly sanded, and given two or three coats of flat white paint with a finishing coat of enamel, tinted to an even deep cream color. Around the edge of the main surface, was applied a line of dull medium blue color about a half inch wide. Then a simple fruit, floral or bird design was stenciled in dull red, orange and apple green. An individual lighting fixture can be made by suspending an inverted wire lamp shade on four thick silk cords from a painted tin tray attached to the ceiling. For the panels in the center fixture wall paper was used. A design in keeping with the stencil decoration was selected in blue, cream, orange, green and ecru. It was converted into parchment by being dipped in linseed oil.

Walls and Floor Covering.
The walls were finished in a mottled effect with washable flat paint, gray-blue and ivory predominating. The stencil decoration was repeated on the walls just below the cornice. The cornice may be enameled cream color like the woodwork of the room, or it may be stained mahogany and varnished. On the floor a hand-woven rag rug in black, buff, blue and green makes an effective covering. With the wood of the floor finished in natural color or painted a light brown. Hangings, cable runners and other accessories may be made attractive with a little needlework, blue and natural color linen, saten or crash being suitable for the articles.

Dorothy Dix Talks

CHOOSING A WIFE

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

A young man asks me to give him a few tips on how to select a wife.

The best advice that I can offer any youth contemplating matrimony is to go off to some quiet spot and have a heart-to-heart session with himself, and honestly try to find out what manner of man he really is, and what he aspires to be and to do in the world.

With this data in hand it is easy enough to pick out the right girl instead of one who will keep a man wondering to his dying day what made him do it, and where the fool killer was when he led the lady he did to the altar.

"Know thyself" is never such a good slogan as when a man is choosing a life partner, for the trouble with most young men is that they are miserably ignorant of their own natures. The wife who drives one man to drink would have lifted another into the seventh heaven of conjugal bliss. She who rages the nerves of one husband at every turn would make a soothing and congenial companion to another.

Men to Blame.

And these uncongenial marriages are more the men's fault than the women's, for men do the picking and choosing, and it is their poor judgment, and lack of knowledge of what they need, and what will suit them in the wife line that keeps Reno on the map, and the divorce court busy. Therefore, son, when you think about marriage, don't waste any time worrying over the girl. Worry over yourself a little. Consider your own character, disposition, finances, ambitions and prospects and let this knowledge be a lamp to your feet when you go to wooing.

Suppose, for instance, you are of a nervous, irritable disposition, with a temper that is hung on a hair trigger and liable to go off at any moment. Can't you just see what a dark and bloody battle ground if you marry some beautiful slender creature with thin lips, quivering nostrils, and lovely Auburn hair?

Whereas it will be one grand sweet song if you have gumption enough to pick out for a wife some plump, placid maiden with ox-like eyes and a nice, fat nose.

Woman for woman, the two girls may be equally models of all the virtues, but the high strung one will keep you always up to concert pitch, while the good nature of the other will poultice your sore nerves and soothe them, and her optimism be a perpetual tonic to you. With one you will live acerbically. With the other happily, for there is not room for one set of nerves, and one case of dyspepsia in any home.

Look Into Your Soul.

Suppose when you look into your own soul you admit to yourself that while you are not in the least vain, or egotistic, still you can not deny that you are a man of most unusual intellect, and of a judgment as profound that it is entitled to respect on every occasion.

Will you find happiness if you marry some opinionated young person who is firmly convinced that she is the latest incarnation of Mrs. Solomon, and who considers that a wife's place in the home is to rule the roost, and tell her husband just where he gets off—and stay off? I trow not.

You know plenty of men who wipe their feet on the door mat before they dare to enter their own domicile, and who jump every time their wives speak to them. Can you see yourself qualifying in the hero's place, and following meekly in wife's wake?

Then why not pass by the snappy girl who is everybody and everything in her vicinity, and whose parents tremble before her, and espouse the timid little maiden who believes

all men are oracles, and rule by divine right, and who will be perfectly happy sitting at your feet gathering up the pearls of wisdom that drop from your lips. And you will be happy, too, for one unquestioning admirer is as much as any of us get in life.

Suppose you are a poor young fellow with your fortune to make. To achieve success means that you must live plainly and economize while you are getting a start.

Girls Who Waste.

Do you think that you will stay long in love with a fashion plate girl no matter how stunning she looks, if she wastes your money, and keeps you in debt, and thwarts your ambitions? The argument over money is a two-edged sword that can cut the bond between a husband and wife quicker than anything else on earth.

But if you marry a girl who is willing to wage an economical and prudent life, and who has a business partner as well as a business partner as well as a business partner, you will find her a most valuable asset. You will be happy and contented with such a woman for there is no stronger tie between two people than to be vying for the same thing. Nor do any husband and wife ever bore each other when they can talk over the state of the stock market or grocery list together.

Would This Help?

Do you think it will help you on as a lawyer to be tied to an ambitious woman who weeps and thinks herself neglected every time you want to study of an evening instead of holding her hand? Will it increase your practice as a doctor to have a jealous fool for a wife who imagines you are making love to your female patients? Will it help you to win elections if you have a tactless blunderer of a wife who makes enemies where she should make friends?

Rather not? So if you wish to be happy and successful though married, choose the cleverest, and most ambitious woman you know, no matter if she is as homesy as sin, in preference to the peach who is content to do nothing but just hang on the tree.

I am saying nothing against the woman without ambition, or the nervous woman, or the high tempered woman, or the bossy woman. There are men whom they would just suit. There are easy going men who don't want a wife who is not contented to stay put, just as they are. There are men who delight in working themselves to death so that their wives may be gorgeously dressed. There are accordingly

Sister Mary's Kitchen

Of course ice should be washed under running water before putting it in the refrigerator but sometimes it just can't be done.

A square of cheese-cloth put under the ice will aid in keeping the drain pipe from sediment and not retard radiation.

There is a movable grating for the ice. Lift this grating out, fit the cheese-cloth on the floor, being sure it covers the drain, and put the grating in place as usual. In this way the cloth does not come in contact with the ice.

Menu for Tomorrow.

BREAKFAST—Stewed dried peaches, cooked rice cereal, buttered toast, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Corn pudding, brown bread and butter sandwiches, pineapple sponge, tea.

DINNER—Rolled flank of beef, mashed potatoes, tomatoes stuffed with spinach, radishes and green onions, rhubarb pie, coffee.

A single luncheon perfectly cooked and served is always more enjoyable than a more elaborate affair when the hostess is her own cook. Few people make a perfect corn pudding for the simple reason that they fail to beat the eggs sufficiently. A vegetable salad or even pickles and salted peanuts (those that are hulled) would turn this simple family luncheon into an informal company one.

PINEAPPLE SPONGE.

2 cups chopped fresh pineapple
3/4 cup sugar
1 cup water
2 eggs (whites)
1 tablespoon gelatin
Cook pineapple in water and sugar for ten minutes. Dissolve gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Add pineapple and syrup and stir well. Turn

shifless men who need a high tempered woman to prod them along. There are even men who like to be hen-pecked. It's all a matter of taste. I'm only urging you, son, to find out in which class you belong before you marry, and to pick out the girl who will suit you.

CARE OF HAIR

If the hair is dull and lusterless care should be taken that the scalp and hair are clean so that the hair can breathe. Crude oil, coal oil or vaseline rubbed carefully into the scalp with the finger tips promotes the growth of hair. The scalp should be massaged gently and firmly until it can be felt to move and a warm glow comes.

The frequency with which the hair is washed, depends upon the scalp and upon the amount of dirt that gets into the hair. Rinse and wash twice at least. After parting the hair, brush the scalp with a small soft brush. Rinse several times, first with hot water and then with cold. Dry with hot towels and fanning. The hair should not be put up until it is thoroughly dry. If very oily add a little lemon to the rinse water.

The hair should be combed carefully so that it is not broken off, brushed frequently, using at least a hundred strokes each time. Dress the hair softly. No hot irons should be used, neither should it be roughed, as this destroys the natural shine and gloss. Care should also be taken that no tight hats are worn that would impede the circulation.

If the body is healthy and strong, a clean head, a simple coiffure and much brushing will insure glossy thick hair.

REPUBLICAN WOMEN MAKING DEMANDS

CHICAGO, June 3.—Plans for a demand that the Republican national committee be increased from 48 to 96 members, and that a woman vice chairman be appointed, were announced today by Miss Mary Garrett Hay of New York, chairman of the Republican women's national executive committee.

Miss Hay discussed the plans with many women Republicans, following the failure of the sub-committee of the national committee to reach any definite conclusions at its meeting today to take up the question of women's representation. Miss Hay's plan will be presented at a caucus of women Sunday, and if approved will be placed before the sub-committee Monday.

The personnel of the committee should be increased from 48 to 96," said Miss Hay, "because the electorate has been doubled. I do not mean there should be a man and a woman from every state. It is up to the states to elect any one they wish. Also, there should be a woman vice chairman and an assistant secretary, and either the secretary or the assistant should be a woman."

RESOLUTE DEFEATS VANITIE IN TRIAL

NEWPORT, R. I., June 3.—The Resolute defeated the Vanitie today in the first of the trial races to determine which yacht shall defend the America's cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, Shamrock IV. The race was sailed over a 28-mile windward and leeward course in a moderate breeze. The Resolute crossing the finish line the victor by four minutes, seven seconds and 23 seconds corrected time.

Both yachts had slight accidents during the race. Vanitie's main sheet bridle, which delayed her for a few seconds, while on the Resolute the jaws of the gaff jumped out of the mast as she was turning the outer mark. Both boats made repairs in the harbor tonight and will meet again tomorrow over a triangular course.

ORPHEUM SUNDAY 6 JUNE

The Gripping Play of the Secret Service

THREE COHAN & HARRIS present THE MOST FASCINATING MYSTERY PLAY EVER WRITTEN.

THE NEW YORK COMPANY WITH VIOLET HENING

One Year in New York; Six Months in Chicago

Four Months in Boston

Seat Sale Main Floor.....\$2.00
Balcony.....\$1.50 \$1.00
Gallery......50c

Mails Orders Now

Curtain 8:15 sharp. No one seated during prologue

A FLIPPANT SAIL ON THE HORIZON!

Laden with a cargo of spiced and perfumed laughs, with vivid groups of shapely femininity swarming on every deck, manned by a high-stepping crew of 100 fun and beauty experts, its silk and lace and satin sails whipped by a comic breeze, G. M. Anderson's smart and impertinent craft—

FRIVOLITIES

of 1920

—is couraging through jazzical waves toward Ogden and will drop its hilarious anchor at the Orpheum Wednesday evening, June 3. "Frivolities" may be boarded by visitors on that evening at 8:15. Seats Saturday. Mail orders now.

THE DIMPLED AND DARING REVUE THAT MADE NEW YORK GASP!
Prices 75c to \$2.50. Direct from 44th St. Theater, N. Y.

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS



Tingaling

Tingaling, the fairy landlord of the Land of Dear Knows Where, has his hands quite full, you may imagine. When spring comes, all the animals leave Dreamland (where they spend their winters—all except the birds who go south), and then go to Scrub-Woodland (to get spring-cleaned), and then come crowding in twos and fours into the Land of Dear Knows Where to rent houses for the summer months.

The worst of it is that each creature is very particular about where he goes, for he won't just live in any kind of a house at all. It has to be so and so and so.

Drastic Measures for Law Violation

Samantha Squirrel has to have a house just so far above the ground; Mrs. Woodchuck has to have one just so far under the ground with a certain number of hallways, and Mrs. Flicker (Mrs. Yellow Hammer) has to have a

house with a certain sized doorway, so unwelcome strangers can't crowd in. I will say of the birds, bless their hearts, that they must always make their own houses, their only demand of Tingaling being that he furnish nice, soft material to work with. But he's often put to doing that these days when cotton thread and wool thread are so dear that no one lets any blow out of the windows as he used to. In the land that you and I know about. But he does the best he can, and for all of his troubles he's round and jolly, and jingles like a merry sleigh-bell when he walks, for he always has a great quantity of bells handy. Why, I shall tell you again, for as Nancy and Nick were to learn, Tingaling was not only landlord of the Land of Dear Knows Where, but he had to keep order as well, a sort of policeman you might say.

ARGENTINE SOLDIERS FIGHT WITH INDIANS

BUENOS AIRES, June 2.—Seventy Argentine soldiers are reported to have been killed and many wounded in an encounter with a tribe of Pilaga Indians in the Chaco territory of northern Argentina. Dispatches say the troops were ambushed by superior numbers of Indians, who attacked them in reprisal for the alleged destruction of one of their camps and the seizure of arms and ammunition from the Indians.

—By C. M. Payne

SAY POP—That's the Way It Seems to Alkali Ike.

